

## THE MAN, THE GIRL, THE WIFE.

## IT WAS MISS STOCKHAM WHO DIVED BEFORE A TRAIN.

Father Says the Man Who Was With Her Was a Friend Who Had Told Her He Had Separated From His Wife—Hoodlums Mob the Girl in the Streets

"Helen Brown, stenographer," who threw herself in front of a subway train at the Brooklyn Bridge station Wednesday night after a scene with the wife of her companion, is Miss Irene Helen Stockham of 128 Underhill avenue, Brooklyn, the daughter of Samuel P. Stockham, who has a ship chandlery at 44 Pearl street, Manhattan.

The telegram sent from the Elizabeth street station after her arrest on a charge of attempting to commit suicide, addressed to B. Richards, 168 Underhill avenue, Brooklyn, bore a wrong number, but was delivered, as the girl wished it to be, to Mrs. Richards of 128 Underhill avenue, next door to the Stockham home. When Mrs. Richards took it to the Stockhams she learned that they had been notified from another source, presumably by the man who had deserted the girl upon his wife's arrival.

Miss Stockham, a slender, pretty girl, with light brown hair, wore an extra veil loaned by the police matron when she left the station house yesterday morning, accompanied by Detective Sergeant Hahn, to go to the Tombs police court. The cries of a crowd of hoodlums following the pair added to the young woman's distress, and she fainted at the end of the walk. She held her hands in front of her face as Hahn led her to the bridge.

Her father, who was already in court, went to her, kissed her and begged her not to faint. The examination magistrate Whitman was carried on in low tones. He read the formal charge.

"Do you attempt to kill yourself?" he asked.

"No, I did not," Miss Stockham replied.

"You haven't any reason for wanting to kill yourself, have you?" asked the magistrate, kindly.

"No, sir, I was excited and hysterical."

"I will discharge you," said the magistrate. "Give your name to the clerk."

She may not have heard the final order for her father's arm was about her and he was drawing her toward him. They hurried down the aisle and out the door through the basement and into Franklin street, followed by more hoodlums. As the mob went up the hill toward the Tombs, a rumor was circulated that the girl was Nan Patterson, escaped from the Tombs. She and her father ran and boarded a Broadway car, bound north, but trucks got in its way and, to escape the hoodlums who were piling into the car, they got out and took refuge in a store at the corner of Canal street. From this they escaped by a back door, ran east to the subway station and took a train to the Bridge and from there a trolley car to Brooklyn.

They did not go home at once, for the girl seemed on the verge of collapse and her father for refuge took her into the home of the Rev. P. Jacobson, pastor of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church, at 400 Pacific street. Mr. Jacobson had never seen her before, but he asked her to stay until she was able to get home.

"I will tell you a pitiful story. My daughter for some time has been receiving attentions from a man whom she supposed to be a most honorable man, but who was, in fact, the most unscrupulous of scoundrels. He told her that he was married, but had separated from his wife and soon would get a divorce from her. Last night he called to take her to an entertainment in New York. At the Bridge station of the subway his wife met them and my daughter learned for the first time that the man whom she had loved from her wife, but was living with her. In her hysterical condition she rushed from the platform, but I do not think she tried to kill her life."

Miss Stockham and her father left the pastor's house at 2 P. M. and walked to their home.

The family physician of the Stockhams has been Dr. William H. Nafie of 426 Park place, whose home is two blocks from the girl's home. It was at his house yesterday that he and his wife had been called out of town on business early in the morning. The woman in charge of the house said that Miss Stockham had been in the house for about four years, being treated for nervousness.

Miss Stockham is 26. She has worked as a stenographer, although she was not obliged to earn her living.

## 3300 RAIL FOR CHIVALRY.

Galle Version of the Merry Villager of the Trunk Told in Vain.

Edna Merrill, the merry villager of a Broadway attraction, who was pushed into her own trunk while packing up to leave the boarding house of Joseph Frossard, in West Forty-fifth street, last Sunday, was cross-examined yesterday by Frossard's lawyer, and Frossard gave his version of the affair.

Miss Merrill was not in good humor when she reached the West Side court at 9 o'clock and found that the magistrate had not arrived. Her discomfiture was not decreased when she learned that she would be compelled to wait until an unusually large number of persons who had taken overloads of spring tonics were disposed of.

"Had you been told to vacate the room?" asked Frossard's lawyer, when the case began.

"No, indeed," replied the merry villager. "I had paid my rent and was going."

"I want to ask you if you hadn't been making quite a lot of noise?"

Miss Merrill admitted that she had, but not on the night Frossard had pushed her into the trunk.

"I was leaving because he never had been to me, and his wife had pushed me into the trunk," she said. "I was not nervous like so French, and I lift up my tray as if I were going to the kitchen, and I knew it wasn't nice by the way she said it."

Frossard all this time was dancing around, trying to get in a French or English word, but nobody paid much attention to him. When his chance did come he took the three steps up to the bridge in one stride.

"It was so great shame," he ejaculated. "I do not hurt so girl. She sees to leave my house and I was training so French man. I go to help her lady pack. She is slow—very slow—Monsieur, she is not nervous like so French, and I lift up my tray as if I were going to the kitchen, and I knew it wasn't nice by the way she said it."

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## LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The young hopeful in a Brooklyn family has a scrapbook and is constantly on the lookout for colored pictures to put in it. The desire seemed to be a harmless one and it was encouraged until a few days ago. Then the grocer delivered a case of assorted canned goods. The girl labels caught the eye of the young hopeful and he carefully tore them off and incorporated them in his scrap book. When the cook wanted a can of soup now she is likely to open baked beans or preserved peaches. A strict censorship over the scrapbook has been established.

"The surest sign that spring has come," said a West Side housewife, "is the elevation of the vegetable stands to the sidewalk in front of groceries and meat shops. They have been hibernating through the cold weather in dark little cellar holes and now they are coming out and down the stairs. Those Italians love the sunshine, and with the first warm days they put out their charcoal fires and come up into the air. They are all smiles now, and every woman that has to buy her own vegetables is glad to see the outdoor market again."

"I want a bottle of limber oil," said the rheumatic customer to an uptown drugist this week.

"Sorry, sir, but we don't keep it," replied the druggist.

"Strange," said the customer, "I bought a bottle of it when I was a boy and it helped me immensely, but I have never been able to purchase any since."

"He probably bought his limber oil when the circus was in town," explained the druggist. "The canvas men, who have a little to do in the daytime, go up to the better dressed boys and tell them mysteriously that they can get the limber oil. The same oil used by the acrobats and contortionists for, say, \$2. Few boys can resist the temptation to make themselves star performers, and they buy the oil."

"What the canvas men give them is, of course, nothing but sweet oil with angle worms in the bottom of the bottle. Boys firmly believe it makes them more limber, but faith in its powers will hardly serve to loosen joints stiffened by rheumatism."

Even chickens are decorated now. In an uptown shop which caters to refined tastes there are daily exhibitions of what is described as "milk fed poultry." These spring chickens, which are meant as presents for the sick, are wrapped in white tissue paper and have red ribbons once their plumpness and tenderness have been proved by touch. They come from the farm on which they are raised with legs and wings tied down with red ribbon.

The teacher asked if there was any little girl in the room who could tell what little arrangement meant. The word must have been unfamiliar, for several minutes passed before a little Italian raised her hand. She said she had heard her father say it early in the morning when he was lighting the fire.

"And when it not light," she said, "I hear him say 'Danna dis range.'"

"What's the use bewailing the scarcity of the diamond back terrapin?" asked a sportsman who has a shooting box along the Seneca River, "as long as there are thousands of muskrats in the Montezuma marshes?"

"Perhaps your susceptibilities are shocked at the idea of eating muskrat. They needn't be, for the muskrat has not the remotest relationship to the common rat family. Far from having the traits of a scoundrel, they are the daintiest of ever. He has a bath every few minutes, and when he dines, selects such dainties as sweet flag, fleur de lys and the bulbs of poppy."

The hind legs of a muskrat are as tender as they ought to be considering the animal's epicurean diet. Besides that, they have meat enough, many have thought, to make them a most delectable morsel.

It almost looks as if the prima donnas were beginning to love dear America for its own sake. Mme. Eames has been trying to arrange to pass the summer here instead of going to Italy, and Mme. Melba is to spend her period of retirement next winter in California. Mme. Sembrich, who was to pass this summer in America, had to go to Berlin to arrange her new home, but will pass next summer in the Adirondacks.

Mme. Nordica spent only a few days last summer and occupied a cottage near this city all summer. Nowadays America does not seem so bad, after all, in summer.

Reminders of the artistic spirit among the builders of old New York are particularly noticeable through that section which was formerly Greenwich Village. Symbols of the ornamental designs of the time are the many fine specimens of wrought iron work in the casements of basements and down, fences, porch railings and balconies. There is no more artistic wrought iron work done today than is to be found all through the city.

Within the houses there are still preserved many of those andirons, tongs and other household appointments that give delight to collectors.

Lawyer Tom Sullivan is back in the Criminal Court Building from Limerick with a new story.

"The railroad guards over in the old country told me a lot of things for granted," said Mr. Sullivan yesterday. "For instance, whether you are a tourist or not they think you ought to know the name of every station. One day when we stopped at a village the guard stuck his head through the door and yelled:

"'Any wonder there fur here?'"

It was her first bridge party, and she had furnished more irritation than amusement.

"You mustn't play out all your aces at first," explained her partner. "It isn't according to Elwell. Elwell says to play your four best unless you hold several high cards."

The guest bit her lip with vexation, but held her peace. She had never heard of Elwell before. When she was quoted at her again a few minutes later it was more than she could stand.

"What a lot of husband must know about bridge," she retorted lightly.

An East Side police captain, who isn't so very young now, expects to be wealthy before he retires, and not at the sacrifice of his honesty either. He has just contracted for a wholesale drug store to have a cure for skin diseases, the recipe for which he brought here from Ireland twenty-five years ago. He was influenced to put the lotion on the ground by the efficacy in cases of eczema and kindred complaints which the skin hospitals failed to cure.

Photography, which has caught the Empire State Express in full motion for reproduction by the cinematograph, has also been brought into use to depict, with equal fidelity, action so slow as the growth of a flower. By exposing a plant every quarter of an hour for sixteen days to a camera it is now possible to watch the open gradually, to see the blossoms close at night and reopen in the morning; to see the leaves increase in size and the column of the bud and all in the space of a minute or two.

President Roosevelt's eulogy of the family doctor recalls the fact that, until recently, the general public, one of the special guests who sat by the President's side at a recent dinner he attended in this city was the old family physician, who had presided at the future President's birth, the venerable Dr. Thomas Addie Emmet. It is a family tradition among the Roosevelts that the family doctor was so hard that Dr. Emmet had to lance his gums to help them through.

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Size 40 to lb., 2-lb. cans.....	.75
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## PARCHMENTS FOR PORTIAS.

## WOMAN'S LAW CLASS GRADUATES WITH SONS AND BOUQUETS.

Professor Johnson Thinks Legal Women Might Handle Stocks and Bonds in Wall Street Style—Dean Ashley on Law That Every Woman Should Know.

Twenty-eight Portias of all ages and sizes got their certificates in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden last night for having attended the year's lectures of the woman's law class of New York University. Mrs. John P. Munn, president, and Helen Gould, a director, of the Woman's Legal Education Society, which established the lectureship, were unable to be present on account of the weather. They sent regrets.

The certificates were given out by Chancellor MacCracken of New York University. As counsellor, Miss Isabelle May, called the names of the graduates. They rose, some gray, some golden haired, some slender and young and some not, but all capped and gowned. They marched upon the plant covered platform to a blithe march. The men who gallantly served as ushers had their hands full carrying flowers sent to the debutantes in law.

Counsellor Miss Eugenie Marie Rayé, one of the classic lecturers, announced that the two scholarships, worth \$200 each, maintained by the class in the regular law school of the university, were won by Miss Florence Edith Brunning of 72 West Ninety-sixth street, and the "Twentieth century essay prize," of \$50, on the subject of "The Settlement of Disputes Between Capital and Labor by Compulsory Arbitration," was won by Miss Elizabeth B. Smith of Asbury Park. Miss Harriet L. Smith of the same place received honorable mention.

The New York University Glee Club interspersed ood and other songs between the musical numbers on the programme. Prof. Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the School of Commerce of New York University spoke on the "Usefulness of Elementary Law to Women Occupying Business Positions."

"If I move that we give no prizes at our charity euchre," said Mrs. N. Washington Larenden at a meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Riverside Day Nursery, held yesterday morning in Mrs. John O. Noble's home at 304 West Seventy-seventh street.

"My Puritan blood revolts against raising money by such methods as playing cards for prizes," indignantly asserted Mrs. John Cauldwell Coleman entering her protest against prizes. "We will not set an example for other charities in this city."

"What!" exclaimed a well known card player, "Euchre without prizes would be like a fight without a prize to eat."

Mrs. Percy Klock, the treasurer, rose to defeat the resolution.

"Wouldn't it be better for some larger charity to raise money in this way?" she asked. "And whenever it is done it had better be early in the season. Now, you know people are tired and they have to be caught with bait."

The motion was lost by a large majority, and each woman as she left the meeting was told all prizes for the euchre will be thankfully received.

Burning of a Bridge Tie Up Traffic on Part of the Lackawanna Road.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., March 30.—All traffic on the main line of the Lackawanna is tied up between this city and Elmira on account of the burning this afternoon of a bridge near Waterville which was being rebuilt. The wooden false work caught fire and the bridge was destroyed. The Lackawanna is using the trestle tracks between Elmira and Binghamton. Several days may be required to replace the bridge.

Mrs. Weightman Walker's New Home.

Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker has taken a lease of the third floor apartment in the Fifth Avenue Eastside building, at Fifth avenue and Sixtieth street. The annual rent is \$15,000. The apartment is one of the most expensive in this city. The lease was made through Pease & Elliman.

## SOME PURGERS OF THE BALLOT.

Accuser of Court Clerk Arrested for Perjury—Morgan Assistant to Sing Sing.

Robert Bunoro, the Italian who figured conspicuously in some naturalization fraud cases a few years ago and was sent to Sing Sing and later pardoned by President Roosevelt on recommendation from here in consideration of testimony against a certain innocent clerk in the United States District Court, was put under arrest yesterday by Assistant United States District Attorney Joel M. Marx and Secret Service Officer Dempsey P. Meetez on a charge of perjury.

Ever since his former arrest and pardon, Bunoro has been under suspicion as a dealer in fraudulent citizenship papers. Yesterday he fell into a trap set by himself.

Jerry Re, charged with having dealt in citizenship papers, was being tried in the Criminal Branch of the Federal court, when Bunoro offered himself as a witness for the defence. In reply to testimony furnished by the prosecution to the effect that Re had been associated with Bunoro, the latter arose and said that he never had anything to do with Re. A half dozen witnesses were called upon, and all of them swore that Re and Bunoro had worked together in the sale of citizenship papers.

On the evidence given by them, Bunoro was arrested and held in \$2,000 for examination April 4, at 2 o'clock.

Cosimo Ranalli, convicted of attempting to bribe a Secret Service officer in connection with the naturalization fraud prosecutions, was sentenced yesterday by United States Judge Thomas to a year and a half in Sing Sing Prison. Ranalli was employed in the Street Cleaning Department, and at the time of his arrest was a deputy State supervisor of elections. He is president of the Italian colony in New York.

A short time before election Ranalli offered a bribe of \$200 to Daniel T. Callahan, a Secret Service man working under orders from Joel M. Marx in the naturalization fraud cases, in consideration for which Callahan was to have sentence suspended for the case of Italian then under arrest.

In his defence Ranalli admitted offering the bribe, but said it was demanded by Secret Service officers, that he did not, therefore, consider it a crime. He was taken to Sing Sing yesterday.

## PURITAN BLOOD IN REVOLT.

It's a Lady's and Objects to Enchance for Prices—Prizes Go All the Same.

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